THE

ORDEAL.

N°. 20.] SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1809. [Vol. I.

THE STAGE.

THE ROVERS;

OR,

THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.*

ACT II.

SCENE—*A Room in an ordinary Lodging-House at* WEIMAR—PUDDINGFIELD *and* BEEFINGTON,† *sitting at a small deal table, and playing at* ALL-FOURS. *Young* POTTINGEN, *at another table in the corner of the Room, with a Pipe in his mouth, and a Saxon Mug of a singular shape beside him, which he repeatedly applies to his lips, turning back his head, and casting his eyes towards the firmament—at the last trial he holds the Mug for some moments in a directly inverted position; then he replaces it on the table, with an air of dejection, and gradually sinks into a profound slumber.‡—The Pipe falls from his hand, and is broken.§*

BEEFINGTON—I beg.

PUDDINGFIELD—*(Deals three cards to* BEEFINGTON.*)*—Are you satisfied?

* The success of the imitation of the German Drama, which we presented in our last number, has by some persons been considered doubtful; they observe that no German play in existence can give fair scope for such severity of sarcasm. The conduct of Cecilia and Matilda has been conceived to be unnaturally forced into extravagance: we admit it; but it is not more ridiculous than other events in many German plays frequently are. But even were the objection valid, we reply in the words of the author, that the scene we allude to 'is taken *almost word for word* from 'STELLA,' a German piece' formerly in much repute.

† Puddingfield and Beefington, should be Puddingcrantz and Beefinstern, to resemble more accurately the German originals.

‡ This behaviour of Young Pottingen reminds us of a case in 'Self Immolation,' when the hero is described as acting strange pranks in a coffee house, just before he sacrifices himself, by plunging into the Thames.

§ The stage direction which is given in '*The Rovers, or Double Arrangement*,' has a decided superiority over that frequently contained in the German Dramas. The audience can be supposed to comprehend the nature of the actions exhibited in this case, if they are not able to discover any extraordi-

BEEF.—Enough. What have you?

PUDD.—High—low—and the Game.

BEEF.—Damnation! 'Tis my deal. *(Deals—Turns up a Knave.)*—One for his heels! *(Triumphantly.)*

PUDD.—Is King highest?

BEEF.—No. *(Sternly.)*—The Game is mine—The Knave gives it me.

PUDD.—Are Knaves so prosperous?

BEEF.—Aye marry are they in this world. They have the game in their hands. Your kings are but *noddies** to them.

PUDD.—Ha! Ha! Ha!—Still the same proud spirit, BEEFINGTON, which procured thee thine exile from *England.*

BEEF.—England! my native land! when shall I revisit thee? *(during this time* PUDDINGFIELD *deals, and begins to arrange his hand.)*

BEEFINGTON *(continues)*—Phoo—Hang ALL-FOURS; what are they to a mind ill at ease?—Can they cure the heart-ach? Can they soothe banishment? Can they lighten ignominy?—Can ALL-FOURS do this? O! my PUDDINGFIELD, thy limber and lightsome spirit bounds up against affliction—with the elasticity of a well bent bow; but mine—O! mine—*(falls into an agony, and sinks back in his chair. Young* POTTINGEN, *awakened by the noise, rises, and advances with a grave demeanour, towards* BEEF. *and* PUDD.—*The former begins to recover.)*

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nary meaning in them: but what spectator who is not inspired could be able to understand such stage exhibitions as the following directions imply? In 'The Stranger,' the hero being described as in great emotion ('*throws himself on a seat; takes from his pocket 'Zimmerman on Solitude,' and reads.*') Now, though the Stranger may take out *a book* very naturall, *from his pocket*, the difficulty which a spectator would feel in discovering whether it was '*Zimmerman on Solitude,*' or not, must, we think, be manifest to every one. In the same play, we think the best actress would find it pretty difficult to portray the following emotions described as belonging to the character of Mrs. Haller. 'Mrs. Haller casts her eyes upon the ground, *and contends against the confusion of an exalted soul when surprised in a good action!* BARON stands opposite to her, and from time to time *casts a glance at her, in which his heart is swimming!*'

* This is an excellent joke in German; the point and spirit of which is but *ill-rendered* in a Translation. A NODDY, the Reader will observe, has two significations—the one a *Knave at All-fours*; the other a Fool, or BOOBY.—See the Translation of COUNT BENYOWSKY, or the CONSPIRACY of KAMSCHATKA, a German Tragi-Comi-Comi-Tragedy; where the Play opens with a Scene of a Game at Chess, (from which the whole of this Scene is copied) and a joke of the same point and merriment about PAWNS *(i. e.)* BOORS being *a match for* KINGS.

Y. Pot.—What is the matter, Comrades?*—you seem agitated. Have you lost or won?

Beef.—Lost.—I have lost my Country.

Y. Pot.—And I my sister.—I came hither in search of her.

Beef.—O, England!

Y. Pot.—O, Matilda!

Beef.—Exiled by the tyranny of an Usurper, I seek the means of revenge, and of restoration to my Country.

Y. Pot.—Oppressed by the tyranny of an Abbot, persecuted by the jealousy of a Count, the betrothed Husband of my Sister languishes in a loathsome captivity—Her lover is fled no one knows whither—and I, her Brother, am torn from my paternal roof and from my studies in Chirurgery; to seek him and her, I know not where—to rescue Rogero, I now not how.—Comrades, your counsel—my search fruitless—my money gone—my baggage stolen! What am I to do?—In yonder Abbey—in these dark, dank vaults, there, my friends—there lies Rogero—there Matilda's heart—

SCENE II.

Enter Waiter—Sir, here is a person who desires to speak with you.

Beef.—*(Goes to the door, and returns with a Letter, which he opens—On perusing it, his countenance becomes illuminated, and expands prodigiously)*—Hah, my Friend, what joy! *(Turning to* Puddingfield.)

Pudd.—What? tell me—Let you Puddingfield partake it.

Beef.—See here—*(produces a printed Paper.)*

Pudd.—What?—*(with impatience.)*

Beef.—(*In a significant tone)*—A Newspaper!†

Pudd.—Hay, what say'st thou!—A Newspaper!

Beef.—Yes, Puddingfield, and see here—*(shews it partially)*—from *England.*

Pudd.—*(With extreme earnestness)*—Its name?

Beef.—The *Daily Advertiser*—

Pudd.—Oh ecstacy!

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* This word in the original is strictly *fellow-lodgers*—"*Co-occupants of the same room, in a house let out at a small rent by the week.*"—There is no single word in English which expresses so complicated a relation, except perhaps the cant term of *Chum*, formerly in use at our Universities.

† See the plays of Kotzebue and Schiller, almost universally.

BEEF.—*(With a dignified severity.)*—PUDDINGFIELD, calm yourself—repress those transports—remember that you are a man.

PUDD.—*(After a pause with suppressed emotion)*—Well, I will be —I am calm—Yet tell me, BEEFINGTON, does it contain any news?

BEEF.—Glorious news, my dear PUDDINGFIELD—the Barons are victorious—KING JOHN has been defeated—MAGNA CHARTA, that venerable immemorial inheritance of Britons, was signed last Friday was three weeks, the Third of July Old Style.

PUDD.—I can scarce believe my ears—but let me satisfy my eyes—Shew me the Paragraph.

BEEF.—Here it is, just above the Advertisements.

PUDD.—*(reads)*—" The great demand for *Packwood's* Razor Straps"—

BEEF.—'Pshaw! What, ever blundering—you drive me from my patience—See here, at the head of the Column.

PUDD.—*(reads)*

'A hireling Print, devoted to the Court,
'Has dared to question our Veracity
'Respecting the Events of yesterday;
'But by to-day's accounts, our information
'Appears to have been perfectly correct.—
'The Charter of our Liberties receiv'd
'The Royal Signature at five o'clock,
'When Messengers were instantly despatch'd
'To Cardinal PANDULFO; and their Majesties,
'After partaking of a cold collation,
'Return'd to Windsor.'—I am satisfied.

BEEF.—Yet here again—there are some further particulars—*(Turns to another part of the Paper)*—'Extract of a Letter from 'Egham—'My Dear Friend, we are all here in high spirits—'The interesting event which took place this morning at *Runny-'mede*, in the neighbourhood of this town'—

PUDD.—Hah! *Runnymede*—Enough—No more—my doubts are vanished, then are we free indeed!—

BEEF.—I have besides, a Letter in my pocket from your Friend the immortal BACON, who has been appointed Chancellor.—Our Outlawry is reversed!—What says my Friend—Shall we return by the next Packet?

PUDD.—Instantly, instantly!

BOTH.—Liberty!—ADELAIDE!—Revenge!

(Exeunt—Young POTTINGEN *following, and waving his hat, but obviously without much consciousness of the meaning of what has passed.)*

SCENE *changes to the outside of the Abbey. A Summer's Evening—Moonlight.*

Companies of AUSTRIAN *and* PRUSSIAN *Grenadiers march across the Stage, confusedly, as if returning from the Seven Years War. Shouts and Martial Musick.*

The Abbey Gates are opened.—The MONKS *are seen passing in procession, with the* PRIOR *at their head. The choir is heard chaunting Vespers. After which a pause.—Then a Bell is heard, as if ringing for Supper. Soon after a noise of singing and jollity.*

Enter from the Abbey, pushed out of the Gates by the Porter, a Troubadour, with a bundle under his cloak, and a Lady under his arm— TROUBADOUR *seems much in liquor, but caresses the* FEMALE MINSTREL.

FEM. MINST.—Trust me, GIERONYMO, thou seemest melancholy. What hast thou got under thy cloak?

TROUBADOUR.—'Pshaw, Women will be enquiring. Melancholy! Not I.—I will sing thee a Song, and the subject of it shall be thy question—'What have I got under my cloak?' It is a Riddle, MARGARET—I learnt it of an Almanack-maker at GOTHA—If thou guessest it after the first Stanza, thou shalt have never a drop for thy pains. Hear me—and, d'ye mark! twirl thy thingumbob while I sing.

FEM. MIN.—'Tis a pretty tune, and hums dolefully.—*(Plays on her Balalaika.*)* (TROUBADOUR *sings.)*

I bear a secret comfort *here,*
(Putting his hand on the bundle, but without shewing it.)
A joy I'll ne'er impart;
It is not wine, it is not beer,
But it consoles my heart.

FEM. MINST.—*(Interrupting him).*—I'll be hang'd if you don't mean the bottle of cherry-brandy that you stole out of the vaults in the Abbey cellar.

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* The BALALAIKA is a Russian Instrument, resembling the Guitar.—See the Play of "COUNT BENYOWSKY," *rendered into* English.

TROUBADOUR.—I mean! Peace, wench, thou disturbest the current of my feelings—

(FEM. MINST. *attempts to lay hold on the bottle.* TROUBADOUR *pushes her aside and continues singing, without interruption.*)

This cherry-bounce, this lov'd noyeau,
My drink for ever be;
But, sweet, my Love, thy wish forego
I'll give no drop to Thee!

(Both together.)

TROUBADOUR. } This } cherry-bounce { this } loved noyeau.
FEM. MINST. { That } { that }

TROUBADOUR. } My }
FEM. MINST. { Thy } drink for ever be;

TROUBADOUR. }
FEM. MINST. { But, sweet my love { thy wish forego!
{ one drop bestow.

TROUBADOUR. } I'll }
FEM. MINST. { Nor } keep it all for { ME!
{ THEE!

EXEUNT, *struggling for the bottle, but without anger or animosity, the* FEM. MINST. *appearing by degrees to obtain a superiority in the contest.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT THE THIRD—contains the eclaircissements and final arrangement between CASIMERE, MATILDA, and CECILIA; which so nearly resembles the concluding Act of 'STELLA,' that We forbear to lay it before our Readers.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*The Inn door—Diligence drawn up.* CASIMERE *appears superintending the package of his Portmanteaus, and giving directions to the Porters.*

Enter BEEFINGTON *and* PUDDINGFIELD.

PUDD.—Well, COACHEY, have you got two inside places?

COACHMAN—Yes, your Honour.

PUDD.—*seems to be struck with* CASIMERE'S *appearance. He surveys him earnestly, without paying any attention to the* COACHMAN, *then doubtingly pronounces*—CASIMERE!

CASIMERE—*turning round rapidly, recognizes* PUDDINGFIELD, *and embraces him.*—My PUDDINGFIELD!

PUDD.—My CASIMERE!

CASIMERE—What, BEEFINGTON too! *(discovering him.)*—Then is my joy complete.

BEEF.—Our fellow traveller, as it seems?

CASI.—Yes, BEEFINGTON—but wherefore to *Hamburgh?*

BEEF.—Oh, CASIMERE*—To fly—to fly—to return—*England*—our Country—MAGNA CHARTA—it is liberated—a new Æra—House of Commons—Opposition—

CASI.—What a contrast! you are flying to Liberty and your home—I driven from my home by Tyranny—am exposed to Domestick Slavery in a Foreign Country.

BEEF.—How domestick slavery?

CASI.—Too true—Two wives—*(slowly, and with a dejected air, then after a pause)*—You know my CECILIA?

PUDD.—Yes, five years ago.

CASI.—Soon after that period I went upon a visit to a Lady in *Wetteravia*—My MATILDA was under her protection—alighting at a Peasant's Cabin, I saw her on a charitable visit, spreading bread and butter for the Children, in a light blue riding habit.—The simplicity of her appearance—the fineness of the weather—all conspired to interest me—my heart moved to her's—as if by a magnetick sympathy.—We wept, embraced, and went home together—She became the mother of my PANTALOWSKY.—But five years of enjoyment have not stifled the reproaches of my conscience—her ROGERO is languishing in captivity—If I could restore her to *him!*

BEEF.—Let us rescue him.

CASI.—Will without power,† is like Children playing at Soldiers.

BEEF.—Courage without power,‡ is like a consumptive Running Footman.

CASI.—Courage without power is a contradiction.§—Ten brave men might set all *Quedlinburgh* at defiance.

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* See 'COUNT BENYOWSKY; or, the CONSPIRACY of KAMSCHATKA,' where CRUSTIEW, an old Gentleman of much sagacity, talks the following nonsense.

CRUSTIEW—*(with youthful energy and an air of secrecy and confidence)*—'To fly, to fly, to the Isles of Marian—the Island of Tinian—a terrestrial Paradise.—Free—Free—a mild climate—a new created Sun—wholesome fruits—harmless inhabitants—and Liberty—Tranquillity.'

† See 'Count Benyowsky,' as before.

‡ See 'Count Benyowsky.

§ See 'Count Benyowsky' again. From which Play this and the preceding references are taken word for word. We acquit the Germans of such reprobate silly stuff. It must be the Translator's.

BEEF.—Ten brave men—but where are they to be found?

CASI.—I will tell you—marked you the WAITER?

BEEF.—The WAITER?—*(doubtingly.)*

CASI.—(*In a confidential Tone*)—No Waiter, but a *Knight Templar*. Returning from the Crusade, he found his Order dissolved, and his person proscribed.—He dissembled his rank, and embraced the profession of a Waiter.—I have made sure of him already.—There are, besides, an Austrian and a Prussian Grenadier. I have made them abjure their National enmity, and they have sworn to fight henceforth in the cause of Freedom. These, with YOUNG POTTINGEN, the WAITER and ourselves, make Seven. The TROUBADOUR, with his two attendant Minstrels, will complete the Ten.

BEEF.—Now then, for the execution—*(with enthusiasm.)*

PUDD.—Yes, my Boys—For the execution—(*clapping them on the back.*)

WAITER.—But hist! We are observed.

TROUBADOUR.—Let us by a Song conceal our purposes.

RECITATIVE, ACCOMPANIED.*

CASIMERE.—Hist! Hist! nor let the airs that blow
From NIGHT's cold lungs, our purpose know!
PUDDINGFIELD.—Let SILENCE, mother of the dumb
BEEFINGTON.—Press on each lip her palsied thumb!
WAITER.—Let PRIVACY, allied to Sin,
That loves to haunt the tranquil Inn—
GRENADIER and TROUBADOUR.—And CONSCIENCE start, when she shall view,
The mighty deed we mean to do!

GENERAL CHORUS—*Con Spirito.*

Then Friendship swear, ye faithful Bands,
Swear to save a shackled Hero!
See where yon Abbey frowning stands!
Rescue, rescue, brave ROGERO!
CASIMERE.—Thrall'd in Monkish Tyrant's Fetters
Shall great ROGERO hopeless lie?
YOUNG POT.—In my pocket I have Letters,
Saying, 'help me, or I die!'

Allegro Allegretto.

CAS.—BEEF.—PUD.—GREN.—TROUB. WAIT.—and POT. *(with enthusiasm.)*—Let us fly, let us fly,
Let us help, ere he die!

(Exeunt omnes, waving their hats.)

* We believe this Song to be copied, with a small variation in metre and meaning, from a Song in 'Count Benyowsky; or, the Conspiracy of Kamschatka,'—where the Conspirators join in a chorus, *for fear of being overheard.*

SCENE—*the Abbey Gate, with Ditches, Drawbridges and Spikes.*—TIME—*about an hour before sun rise.*—*The Conspirators appear as if in ambuscade, whispering, and consulting together, in expectation of the Signal for attack.*—*The* WAITER *is habited as a Knight Templar, in the dress of his Order, with the Cross on his breast, and the Scallop on his shoulder.*—PUDDINGFELD *and* BEEFINGTON *armed with Blunderbusses and Pocket-pistols; the* GRENADIERS *in thier proper Uniforms.*—*The* TROUBADOUR, *with his attendant* MINSTRELS, *bring up the rear*—*Martial Musick*—*The Conspirators come forward, and present themselves before the Gate of the Abbey.*—*Alarum*—*Firing of Pistols*—*The Convent appear in Arms upon the walls*—*The Drawbridge is let down*—*A Body of Choristres and Laybrothers attempt a sally, but are beaten back, and the Verger killed.*—*The Beseiged attempt to raise the Drawbridge*—PUDDINGFIELD *and* BEEFINGTON *press forward with alacrity, throw themselves upon the Drawbridge, and, by the exertion of their weight, preserve it in a state of depression*—*The other Besiegers join them, and attempt to force the entrance, but without effect.*—PUDDINGFELD *makes the signal for the Battering Ram.*—*Enter* QUINTUS CURTIUS *and* MARCUS CURIUS DENTATUS, *in their proper Military Habits, preceded by the Roman Eagle*—*The rest of their Legion are employed in bringing forward a Battering Ram, which plays for a few minutes to slow time, till the entrance is forced.*—*After a short resistance, the Besiegers rush in, with shouts of Victory.*

Scene changes to the interiour of the Abbey.—*The Inhabitants of the Convent are seen flying in all directions.* (PRIOR *is brought forward between two Grenadiers.*)

The COUNT *of* WEIMAR, *who had been found feasting in the Refectory. is brought in manacled. He appears transported with rage, and gnaws his chains. The* PRIOR *remains insensible, as if stupified with grief.* BEEFINGTON *takes the keys of the Dungeon, which are hanging at the* PRIOR's *girdle, and makes a sign for them both to be led away into confinement*—*Exeunt* PRIOR *and* COUNT, *properly guarded. The rest of the Conspirators disperse in search of the Dungeon where* ROGERO *is confined.*

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

POLITICAL.

'Why yes, I would be heard,
Mere *talkers* now, not writers are prefer'd;
Look at *that paper.*———
A while to war with dunces, fools and knaves,
Hirelings of state, or opposition's slaves:
None shall fair virtue's stately pride deface;
The snake winds harmless round the marble base.'

Pur. Lit.

POLITICAL FALSEHOODS.

IT is considered by the democrats the wisest part they can perform, to leave extolling the coercive effects of the embargo laws, upon foreign nations, since *experience* and *reason* have long ago tested their futility. The points of attack, to which they now resort, are in every respect as destitute of truth, as their defence of the embargo was of either efficacy or force. Speaking of the Federalists, a writer in the last Chronicle advances nine or ten falsehoods, with as much impudence and effrontery, as if he really believed they rested on any semblance of truth.

'From the first moment that England began her aggressions they have been unwearied in their endeavours to palsy every measure adopted by the American government to obtain redress and in encouraging the English to continue their outrages.' *Chronicle, May* 18, 1809.

The first aggressions of England were seizures and condemnations of property under the 'rule of war of '56,' and the *principles* of this rule we will venture to assert have been more systematically, ably, and effectually opposed by the federalists, than by the clamorous nonsense of all the democratick philippicks. There has hardly been any real argument advanced upon the subject by any of the democratick party, except Mr. Madison, and he gave up at the outset the very point that ought to have been most sedulously maintained. So far, then, as the arguments of the federalists have supported those of Mr. Jefferson's administration on the subject of the colonial trade (and Mr. Madison included Mr. Gore's argument in his despatches to Mr. Munroe, upon that question) in the negociations with Great-Britain, the assertion made in the Chronicle is *false.*

When the American government *refused to accept redress*, the federalists opposed a policy, the consequences of which have been, that after a year and a half of unexampled distress, we are in a situation not near so favourable as that in which we were placed three years ago.—Though the British Orders in Council are repealed, they exist in effect; whilst at that time our commerce was unshackled by coercion, or unlimited by decrees. What then has our boasted wisdom ef-

fected which might not have been done long before without dishonour, by the substitution of a different policy?

Where are the advantages which the existence of the old British treaty secured to us? They have been so neglected by our political wisdom, as to be allowed to cease; and we shall think ourselves very fortunate, if after seven years tedious negociation, we can obtain the same advantageous terms of connexion which the wisdom of our rulers had indignantly rejected. So much has the wounderful ability of Mr. Jefferson's administration been displayed, that the Chesapeak proclamation, the embargo and non-intercourse acts, the neglect of the old treaty and the rejection of the new, will probably at the end of another year have proved so very effectual, that our commerce will be about one half as extensive and profitable as it was three years ago!

'They have applauded the murder of our seamen, and prayed for war as fervently as a farmer would pray for rain.' *Chronicle, May* 18, 1809.

War with whom? If England, the assertion is disproved by all the federal papers. If France, the war policy has not been generally adopted; but this has been the idea, if the United States were compelled to choose in such a crisis as this, war with France rather than England ought to be preferred. As to the presumed applause given to the Chesapeak attack by the federalists, the writer knew the assertion to be false at the time he penned the paragraph.

'They have *advocated* British taxation;

'They have *approved* of British licences;

'They have *applauded* the impressment of *American* seamen on board British ships of war. *Chronicle, May* 18.

If we understand the Chronicle in regard to what they denominate British taxation and British licences, the assertion made above is absolutely false. If they mean the taxation and licence implied in the Orders in Council, it is very well understood, that the federalists uniformly have been opposed to those Orders. If in point of principle, they now contend against the rule 'which prohibits neutrals from the enjoyment of any trade in time of war, from which they were debarred in time of peace,' how much more strongly must they be opposed to the doctrine of the Orders in Council, which implied all which the rule of war of 1756 contained, and other principles a great deal more pernicious, both in the abstract and in the practical effect. On the contrary, if the Chronicle intends by the terms *taxation and licence* to convey any other meaning than that to which we have just alluded, we defy them to produce the instances in which the federalists have *approved* the one, or *vindicated* the other.

As to the assertion 'that the federalists have applauded the impressment of American seamen,' it is so far from true that the federalists by

such an approval would go even beyond the point the British aim at obtaining. They not only do not want to impress Americans, but a provision was made in the last treaty, rejected by Mr. Jefferson, stipulating that all commanders of privateers before they receive their commissions, shall, with two sureties, be jointly and severally bound in the sum of two thousand pounds sterling; or if such privateer be provided with above one hundred and fifty seamen or soldiers in the sum of four thousand pounds sterling, to satisfy all damages and injuries which the said privateer, their officers or men may do or commit, in searching of merchant ships.

An arrangement could always have been made with the British government to exempt Americans from impressment; it is ridiculous to say the federalists are in favour of such impressment, since they, more likely than the other party, would first become the victims of their own temerity and fool-hardy opinions.

'They have formed a *northern confederacy*, consisting of choice spirits from various parts of New-England, Canada, Nova-Scotia, New-Brunswick, Quebeck, &c. with intention to separate the northern states from the American union; and

'They have attempted to scatter far and wide the firebrands of discord, by exciting the people to oppose the laws, arm themselves against government, and distract the country with the horrors of civil war.'

Chronicle, May 18.

The frequent occasions we have taken to charge the Chronicle with falsehoods and misrepresentations, seems not in the least to dampen the fire of invention with which the faculties of its writers appear so ardently burning. They have a noble disdain of reputation; and the silence they have preserved, since the charges which we have made cannot be very easily refuted, has been imposed by a necessity, as imperious as it is disgraceful. The lies which, we are now considering, had their commencement in that paper, and are too gross to be adopted by the more cautious editor of the Patriot. The Chronicle must beware of relying too much upon the infamy of its name, for extending its circulation, since there is a point of corruption which will nauseate the senses of the most depraved political demagogue. The Patriot, by the subtilty of its deportment, by conferring a degree of plausibility upon its statements, we apprehend, will soon come to supercede the use of a paper replete with lies of such unblushing effrontery, and misrepresentations of such daring hardihood, as are ranged in the Chronicle. We anticipate the period of its mental decease; it has already sunk into miserable decrepitude, and when its time arrives we have no doubt the hostile efforts of its expiring malignity will be like those of the frenzied Condorcet, to spit with spiteful venom at heaven, and denounce its authority and justice.

The idea of a northern confederacy is so absurd in its very nature, the pretended objects of it are so improbable, and the agents destined to act in it so uncongenial, that no writer but the ostensible editor of the Chronicle, could for a moment admit the hypothesis. We should suppose the modesty of the Patriot editor would become alarmed at the dangers attending such monstrous fabrications, and would consider it a paramount duty to oppose his mountainous authority to the current of such nonsensical delusions.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

IT is a melancholy reflection that the efforts of the democratick party, the peculiar pretensions of which has always been to economise the publick expenditures, should have forced the federalists to enlarge the number of representatives in the Legislature of this state, in order to preserve their rights and maintain their influence. The democrats wished, undoubtedly, to extend their own numbers to the remotest verge of right, and now that they are defeated in their scheme of offence, are denouncing Boston for the number of members which she has chosen to represent her. There appears to be no reason why the political influence of the capital should not be preserved and enforced as well as that of any country village. Unless some scheme of general and equal reduction of the numbers of representatives be adopted, the only safe policy for the federalists will be to choose their full number. Otherwise a state decidedly federal in its politicks, might have a democratick ascendancy in the House of Representatives; the people would not be justly represented, and the very objects of a republican representation would thereby be defeated. Nothing can therefore be more absurd than the arguments of the democrats, as to the preponderating influence of Boston. Let them agree to reduce their numbers in every town in the state, and Boston will set an unparalleled example to the federal towns. So long, however, as the aim of the hosilities of the jacobins, is not the publick good, but only to harass and annoy their adversaries, it becomes the imperious and commanding duty of the federalists to exert their utmost energy in counteracting their machinations.

The absurdity of our representative scheme will be rendered apparent, if we contemplate for a moment an accession of population of three times our present number of inhabitants. On this supposition we might have a House of Representatives of more than EIGHTEEN HUNDRED MEMBERS; a political monster, which would destroy the very fabrick of government. When the whole of the provinces of France sent *five hundred* members to their council, it was universally denominated a 'many headed monster,' and the tyranny of its power

was visibly felt in the remotest extremities of the globe. The Legislature of Massachusetts has already past that number, and every succeeding year will add to the magnitude of our dangers. It is therefore seriously to be wished that some plan may be adopted, by which this excessive representation may be restrained; and that the present Legislature may recommend a mode which may terminate hereafter in equal representation, reduced numbers and radical reform.

MR. OGILVIE'S ORATIONS.

THE success of this gentleman in Boston has been highly flattering to his talents. He has pronounced six orations, and the enthusiasm which he excited at first has not diminished; on the contrary, the number of persons who were excluded from admission on the first night because all the tickets were disposed of, having increased every succeeding evening, was greatest on the last. The company was always uncommonly respectable. We have no disposition at present to enter into any elaborate remarks upon the nature of his orations, and investigate their peculiarities of excellence; it is however, but justice to Mr. Ogilvie to observe that he more completely enchains the attention, by stronger appeals to feeling, in his utterance, than any publick speaker to whom we have ever attended. These productions too, are highly figurative, passionate, and declamatory; perhaps they owe their success in part to these peculiarities in the composition. We understand it is the intention of Mr. Ogilvie to pronounce an Oration upon the BOSTON ATHÆNEUM, for the benefit of that institution. There certainly is no theme, which is more calculated to command the talents of a writer than the formation of so noble an establishment as that of the Athæneum in so small a place as Boston; and there is certainly no theme, which can at the same time excite stronger sensations of interest, both in the hearer and speaker.

Mr. Ogilvie intends very soon to visit *Salem*, *Newburyport*, *Portsmouth* and *Portland*, at each of which towns, he probably will pronounce one or two Orations, and we now offer him our best wishes for his success.

THE PATRIOT NEWSPAPER.

THE Editor of the Patriot finding himself detected in our last number, of three glaring inaccuracies, not to say political falsehoods, re-

sorts in his last Wednesday's paper, to the usual method of defeated mob brawlers, and being no longer able to fight like a man, 'wags his tongue' in *rude abuse* like a school boy. The editor of the Patriot is so very adroit in his management of *this* weapon of controversy, that we should suppose it vain for any competitor to presume to encounter him in the lists of personality. We are not disposed to contaminate ourselves with the dirt, with which a conflict with this person would be certain to besmear us. We shall be willing to meet him on the ground of fair controversy, whenever he can descend from grovelling in the mire.

'Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
'It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.'

If the dullness of the Ordeal was so very apparent, it surely could not be difficult to overturn the arguments it contained, or to shew how far it was palpably deficient in that respect.

The Ordeal asserted and *proved* that Great-Britain had some merit in coming to a settlement of difficulties with this country, by offering terms so advantageous and unexpected that they astonished the American government; being more favourable than their own minister was authorized to demand. This assertion was advanced in contradiction to the statement of the Patriot, that England had come to an adjustment with America on the 'precise terms offered by our government last August.' The argument of the Ordeal was either true or false, and it was the duty of the editor of the Patriot to substantiate his first statement.

The Ordeal brought forward evidence to prove that 'neutral property under the protection of a neutral flag, for more than a century previous to the French revolution, was' *not* 'by the publick law of civilized nations, free from the confiscation of belligerents, in *all* cases excepting goods contraband of war,' &c. &c. This assertion was made very peremptorily, in an illiterate, loose and virulent paper, entitled '*The Volunteer*,' printed in the Patriot. If the wind-mill author of the Volunteer can manufacture an argument to maintain his assertion, he will find we shall not shrink from the Quixotick encounter.

The editor of the Patriot was mistaken in the scope of Mr. Stephens's argument in the British House of Commons, and is probably afraid to confess it. If he chooses to maintain the assertion he has made respecting it, we will *prove* his palpable ignorance of the meaning of the English language. The various points which we have suggested, this editor 'will not answer, nor is it necessary; his silence on one hand, and personal vindictiveness on the other, 'are an answer to them all.' If he had produced a single reason, in reply to the remarks in the Ordeal, it would have been of more essential service to his cause than all the rancour of his malignity, and all the writhings of his exasperated feel-

ings could possibly effect. But no; this gentleman keeps argument at a most wary distance. He refers to the Ordeal itself; let him publish the remarks which occasioned the reference and suffer his own readers to judge of the soundness of the logick. But he knows better; he is sensible that they would attribute all this affected contempt to a feeling of real mortification.

The acute sense, which this editor has of the ridiculous, should caution him not to make use of the term '*learned puppy*' too frequently, for the misjudging publick will be apt to apply it, not to Mr. Pinchbeck's dog, but to him who barks at merit, and likes the hand of infamy with crouching servility.

We have only to add, that we shall occasionally hereafter take the liberty to refute the political falsehoods and ridicule the literary absurdities with which the Patriot so frequently teems. If the editor chooses to answer the argument, he shall be noticed, though we are afraid the truth will never penetrate the thick rotundity of his prejudices, nor the more zig-zag entrance of his perverted brains.

POETRY.

ON A STATESMAN RETIRED.

"Of treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In every treaty of his own mean arts,
He fell the dupe; peace was his coward cause,
E'en at the time when justice call'd for wars.
His pen he'd draw to prove his lack of wit,
But rather than unsheath the sword, submit.
False friend, false son, false father, and false king;
False wit, false statesman, and false every thing."

EPIGRAMS.

When a Partizan dies of true Jacobin leaven,
Where he'll go 'tis not easy to tell;
For a king he must have, if he goes up to heaven,
And a king if he goes down to hell.

That ladies are the softer sex 'tis said;
True, sir—they're soft in heart, in hand and head.